

PUNCH

COMICS

DEC. NO. 1
10¢



JOHNSON & JOHNSON
FEATURE STATIONERY

A DYNAMIC PUBLICATION
**WORLD'S
Greatest
COMICS**

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



Mr.



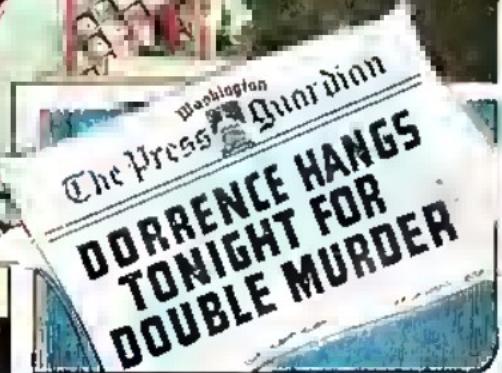
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ASSISTED BY THE STRANGE
GOD KING KOLAH,
REMANINT OF AN EXTINCT
CIVILIZATION, WHOSE
TEACHINGS PROCLAIM
THE VIOLENT DESTRUCTION
OF EVIL AND INJUSTICE,
MR. 'E.' AND HIS MESSENGERS
OF KOLAH WAGE A
NEVER ENDING BATTLE
TO CARRY OUT THE WISHES
OF THE TRIBAL GOD.



STATE PENITENTIARY... A SORROWFUL MOTHER PAYS A FINAL VISIT TO HER SON.

THE EVIDENCE POINTED TO ME... BUT IT ISN'T TRUE! ALL I REMEMBER WAS A BULLET HIT ME IN THE LEG... AND WHEN I CAME TO THE POLICE HERE THERE...

AND YOU WERE BLAMED FOR A CRIME YOU NEVER COMMITTED! MY POOR BOY... I KNOW YOU... DIDN'T DO IT!

BUT I WAS BLOCKS AWAY FROM THE PLANT... I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS GOING ON THERE. J...

SORRY, MA'M, BUT YOUR TIME IS UP!

DAZED AND BEWILDERED, THE CONDEMNED MAN'S MOTHER WANDERS AIMLESSLY...

MY BOY! MY POOR BOY! HE'S...

WHEN... THROUGH THE WIND-SHIELD OF HER CAR, THE STRANGE MISS TERRY SEES...

WHY? THAT WOMAN'S FAINTED!

HERE, LET ME TAKE YOU HOME!

THANK YOU. YOU'RE VERY KIND!

YOUR STORY IS CONVINCING ENOUGH, I'M SURE WITH THE HELP OF MRE. WE MAY BE ABLE TO DO SOMETHING!

...AND SO MY BOY IS TO BE HUNG FOR A CRIME WHICH I'M SURE HE DID NOT DO... HE WAS SUCH A GOOD BOY!

LATER... MR. E'

HELLO, TERRY. WHY THE SUDDEN VISIT?

I HAVE SOMETHING INTERESTING. I MET THE MOTHER OF DORRENCE, THE LAD THAT IS TO BE HUNG TO-NIGHT.

...AND I'M ALMOST SURE THE REAL ROBBERS GRABBED THE KID AND HAD HIM FRAMED.

YES, EVEN THE JUDGE SEEMED MOVED... BUT UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES NOTHING BUT THE DEATH PENALTY COULD BE GIVEN.

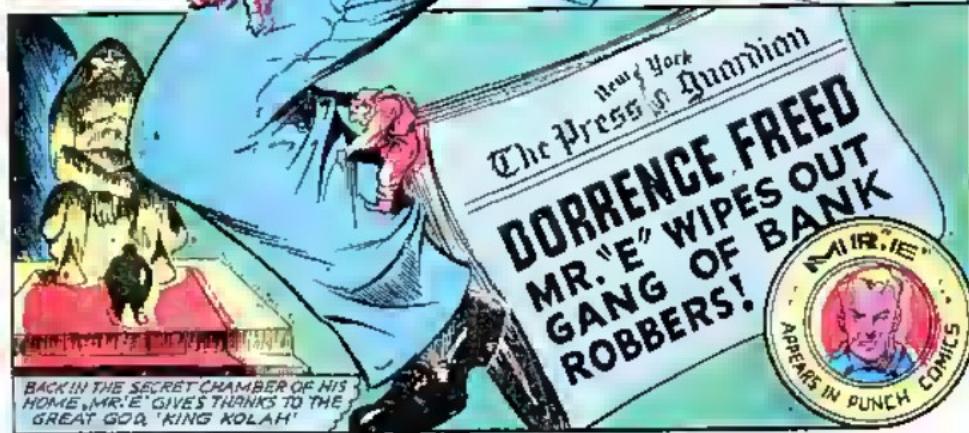
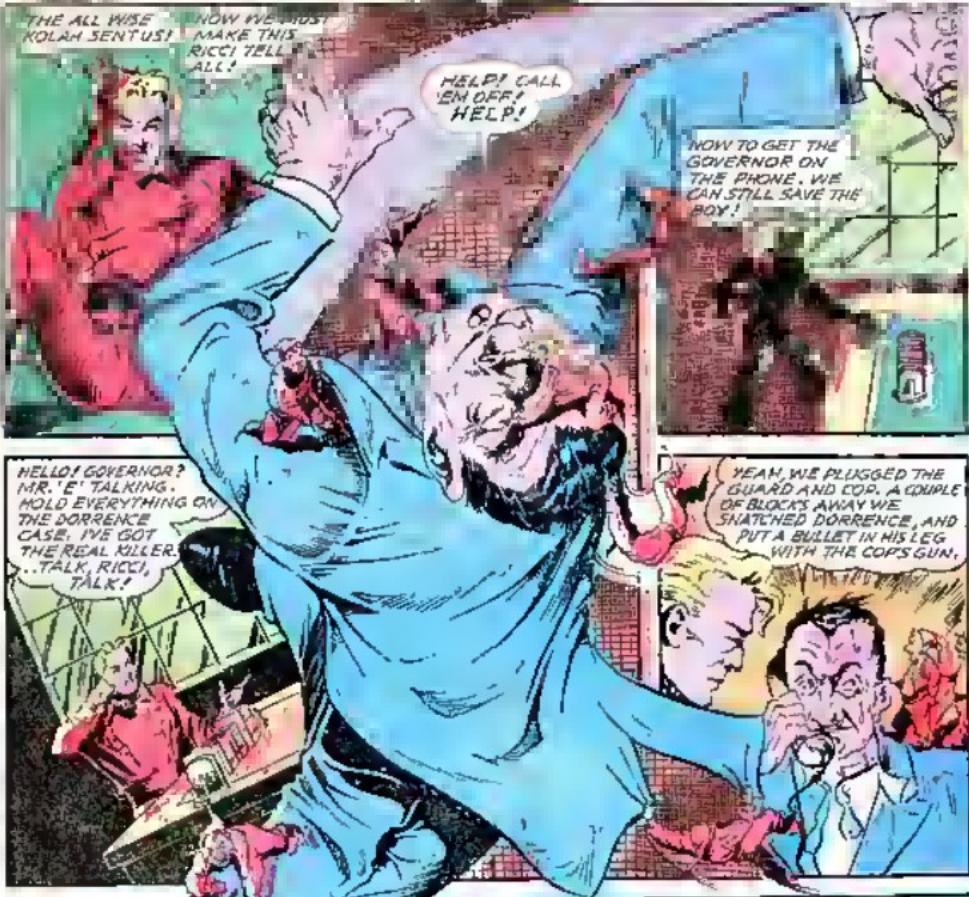












9 Cheers FOR THE NAVY



Glory Glory

ON HIS VACATION, CAPTAIN GLORY, ACE INVESTIGATOR FOR THE A.B.I., LEADS THE COAST GUARDS INTO A SMASHING BATTLE WITH A RUTHLESS GANG OF SMUGGLERS.



ABOUT A MILE OFF SHORE, A FRAIL CRAFT DRIFTS LAZILY ALONG...

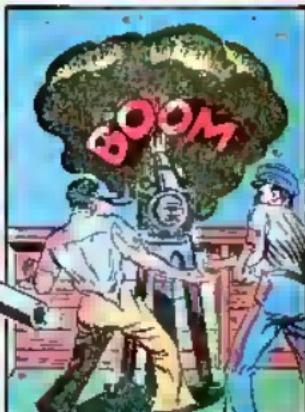


...IN IT CAPTAIN GLORY STRUGGLES WITH A 'DIFFERENT' TYPE OF CASE.



WHY THE... THAT'S THE THIRD TIME I'VE LOST HIM TODAY! I'LL CALL IT A DAY AND TRY IT AGAIN TOMORROW!





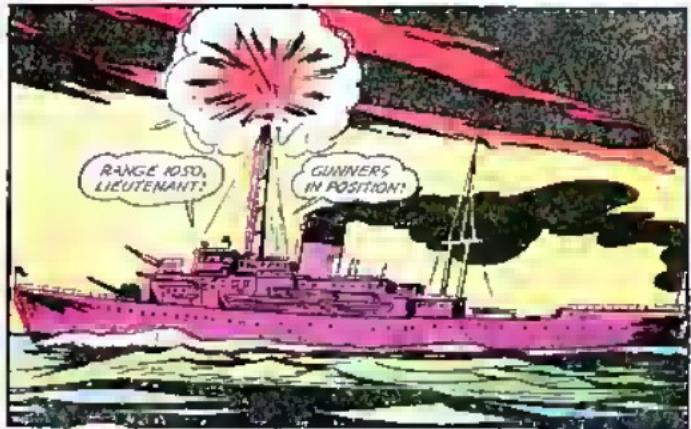








HANLIS RELATED ED'S STORY.
CAPTAIN GLORY URGES THE COAST
GUARD TO GIVE CHASE...





PUZZLETTES



TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR ANSWERS

**WORD
EVOLUTION**

CAN YOU
CHANGE "APE"
TO "MAN" IN
7 MOVES?
CHANGE ONE
LETTER AT A
TIME AND
STILL LEAVE
A WORD.

APE

A	P	E

MAN

TEASER SQUARE

1	2	3	4	5
2				
3				
4				
5				

The square reads the same down as across.
1. SUGARY. 2. RELIEVES.
3. MAMMAL. 4. CHOOSE.
5. QUIZZES.



Jerry

OUR TRAINED
SEAL—
IS BALANCING A
HUGE CLOCK DIAL
ON HIS NOSE, AND
WANTS YOU TO
DIVIDE THE DIAL
INTO FOUR
PARTS, SO THAT

THE
NUMERALS IN
EACH SECTION
TOTAL 20.

6

LC 509
CHEWSTER
XSE

TO WHOM IS
THIS LETTER GOING
AND WHERE?

1

A 10 9 8
B 9 10 7
C 8 7 6

MYSTERY!

**2**

HELP!

4	15	14
9		12
5		8

16 3 13

FILL IN THE SIX MISSING
SPACES WITH NUMBERS
THAT WILL MAKE THE
SQUARE ADD UP TO 34 —
DOWN, ACROSS, AND
DIAGONALLY.



**MR.
OWL**

WISE OLD
FELLOW—
Says:

A SUPERFLIETY OF
CULINARY EXECUTIVES
RENDERS UNPALATABLE
THE LIQUID NUTRIMENT.

WHAT DID HE MEAN?

6. ELSE DIX
ROMAN 509
WINCHESTER
TENNESSEE
THE BROTHER

7. TOO MANY COOKS SPILL
8. BARE, AIM, RIM, RAM, RAM,
9. ELECT, TESTS
10. EASES, WHALE,



CARNIVAL





UNSUPECTINGLY, CLARA AND LEE CHAT IN THE LIVING-ROOM.

DADDY WAS TERRIBLY WORRIED TO NIGHT, LEE, IT MUST HAVE BEEN ABOUT HARLEY. I HAVE A FEELING SOMETHING MAY HAPPEN.

STEADY CLARA, I'LL BE HERE TO SEE EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT.

IT CAME FROM YOUR FATHER'S ROOM!

HEEEELLP

WHAT'S THAT?

SO I THT ONE MORE OUT OF THE WAY I'LL BE WHAT'S THAT?

LOOK! LEE, HE'S...

SUDDENLY, AN ACHONIZING WAIL RINGS THROUGH THE HOUSE.

INSTANTLY, THE TRAPEZE ARTIST LEAPS AT THE ATTACKER.

NOT SO FAST, FANCY RAANTS!

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, LEE ROVER! OOOOF!

STUBBORN, EH?

I ONCE TOOK LESSONS IN JIU-JITSU.

WHAT TH...

TRIPPED ME UP NICE, THE LUG. CLARA... WHERE ARE...

LEE! LEE! HE'S... OOOH!



NEELEY THE CASHIER CONSOLE CLARA BEFORE THE START OF HER ACT.

I'M SORRY ABOUT YOUR FATHER, CLARA. I KNEW HIM FOR TWENTY YEARS.

YES, YOU WERE HIS CLOSEST FRIEND, NEELEY. DADDY ALWAYS SAID THAT IF SOMETHING HAPPENED TO HIM, YOU SHOULD GET A SHARE OF THE SHOW.

... AND IF I SHOULD EVER QUIT... OR SOMETHING HAP- PENS, YOU WILL BECOME THE SOLE OWNER. THAT'S VERY KIND OF YOUR FATHER, CLARA. HE WAS A FINE MAN, AND I RESPECT HIS THOUGHTFULNESS.

LOOK AT THE ANIMALS!

MA-BUY ME SOME PEANUTS!

YAPPEE... THE CLOWN AND CORIOLIS ACT ARE NEXT.

INSIDE, THE CROWD REKS WITH MERRIMENT, UNAWARE OF LURKING DANGER.

THE TRAPEZE ACT THRILLS THE CROWD WITH ITS PERFECT TIMING.



YOU MUST FORGET, CLARA.

I'LL KEEP MY EYES PEELED FOR ANYTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

SUDDENLY ALL EYES ARE TURNED TO THE CLOWN'S ACT.



THE CLOWN! WATCH THE CLOWN!



HARLEY STOPS SHORT AT SIGHT OF THE ANGERED BEAST.



HIGH IN THE AIR CLARA AND
LEE REALIZE THE
SITUATION.





A SOLDIER MUST OBEY

Several hundred pupils sat silently at the principal's mitered the famous aviator to the front of the platform. "I take great pleasure in presenting Lieutenant Mathewson!" the principal said. A thunderous ovation greeted the smiling aviator.

Lieutenant Mathewson spoke and one by one the students tensed in their seats. It was a story of his life he told to them. The story of the hardships he had to undergo in preparing for aviation and the continued effort needed to complete the training. The hands of the huge clock on the wall kept timing but the audience sat in deep reflective silence.

"Above all," Mathewson's voice thundered, "a soldier must obey! He must never shirk or neglect his duty, not for any excuse. It was in 1918, I was . . ."

Suddenly, a shuffling of feet was heard from the center of the audience. A small boy pushed his way over to the aisle, then began trudging toward the door. His shoes squeaked and the boy flushed under the hundred of eyes gaping at him.

The shoes squeaked louder and louder. The principal fastened a pair of withering eyes on the boy, but proudly with head erect, the lad marched past the platform and toward the door.

"We must not be afraid to do our duty," the Lieutenant continued. Each and every one of us . . ." the voice droned on.

With those words, the squeak of the shoes died out as the door closed behind Tony Sig. Without hesitating, he ran down the stairs into the basement. The words, "we must not neglect our duty," rang through his brain. Suddenly, a sizzling sound accompanied by the smell of burning rubber, reached him. He stopped and looked around.

Overhead, a shower of sparks came from one of the fixtures hanging loosely from the ceiling. Tony grabbed a chair and placed it under the broken fixture. Standing on it, he reached up, gripped the rubber near both ends of the wire and held them together. The sparks ceased.

A fire alarm box hung near by. It would have been the work of an instant to leap off the chair and ring it. Tony hesitated. The whole auditorium was enjoying the Lieutenant's speech. The sound of an alarm would only interrupt the interesting lecture—that would never do. Silently, with up raised arm, Tony stood holding the wires together.

. . . It was a long time before the Lieutenant finished speaking. The principal invited him to inspect the modern school. Into the basement

they went and soon came on the small boy valiantly holding the wire.

"What are you doing up there, Tony, stealing the electric light bulbs?" the irate principal demanded. "You dared to interrupt Lieutenant Mathewson's lecture for this! I've caught you red handed. Your folks will hear of this. Get down!"

Tony let go. The live wires sparked and smoked as the wavy lad slumped from the chair. The Lieutenant caught the limp form.

A glott of cold water and the Lieutenant's knowledge of first aid quickly revived the lad. "

Tony looked up at the aviator and said quietly, "I was fire monitor for this week. I did not want to leave while you were speaking but it was my duty to inspect the basement. I had to do this because I did not want the alarm to keep the others from hearing your speech, sir!"

Lieutenant Mathewson smiled and looked down at the brave boy. "A guy like you dared to interrupt my speech and face the wrath of the audience just to do his duty," the Lieutenant grinned as he spoke. "Fellow, I'm flying back this way next week in a new army pursuit ship. Yes sir, lad, I'm going to get permission from headquarters to give a real soldier, who nobly did his duty, a ride in it!"

KITTY KELLY



KITTY KELLY

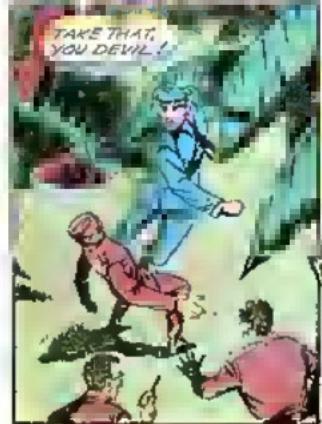
ADVENTURE LOVING KITTY KELLY SCORCHES THE PEACEFULNESS OF MARRIED LIFE FOR A CAREER IN THE AIR. ALTHOUGH HER LIFE IS CONTINUALLY THREATENED, THE AIR HOSTESS CARRIES ON IN THE TRUE TRADITION OF THE SERVICE.



SHARRY & CHINER
LITTLEFIELD SYNDICATE INC.







UGLY MACHINE GUNS KEEP THE PASSENGERS FROM AN ATTEMPT TO HELP THE PILOT AND HOSTESS.



IN HERE ARE THE PLANS FOR AMERICAN MOBILIZATION IN THE FAR EAST. NOW I NO LONGER HAVE NEED FOR ANY OF YOU, TAKE THEM TO THE CRATER!



THE PRISONERS ARE FORCED TO CLIMB ALONG A PATH LEADING TO ...



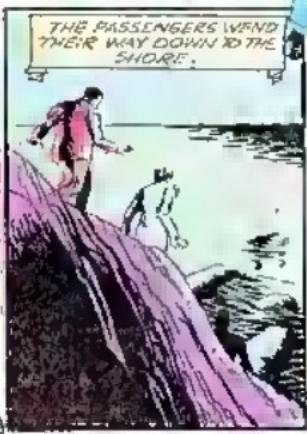
AN ACTIVE CRATER OF A VOLCANO



HERE'S MY ANSWER!

OWWW!







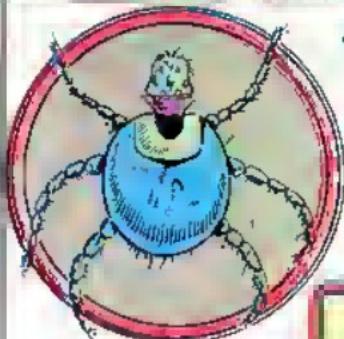


IS IT TRUE?

JOHN BUNYAN

HE WROTE "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" WHILE IN PRISON. HE WAS VERY POOR WITH LITTLE EDUCATION. HE WORKED HARD AND SUFFERED MUCH.

TRUE



CHIGGERS

OR HARVESTMITES WILL BITE HUMANS AND SNAKES, THEY WILL NOT BITE ANY DOMESTIC ANIMALS?

TRUE

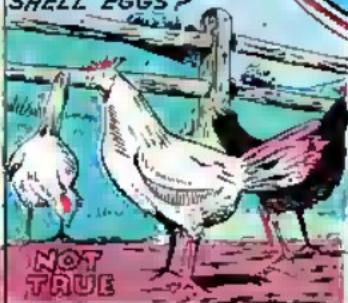


COWBIRDS

BUILD NO NESTS, WILL NOT INCUBATE IT'S EGGS OR REAR IT'S YOUNG. . . THE EGGS ARE LAID IN THE NESTS OF OTHER BIRDS?

TRUE

DO ALL HENS WITH WHITE FEATHERS LAY WHITE SHELL EGGS?



NOT TRUE

BUNYAN WAS PUT IN PRISON FOR HIS RELIGIOUS VIEWS, WHILE THERE HE PRODUCED WORKS THAT WILL LIVE FOREVER.

HENS WITH BLACK, BROWN OR RED FEATHERS LAY WHITE SHELL EGGS. THE MEDITERRANEAN STRAIN OF FOWL LAY WHITE SHELL EGGS.

THE LAND OF EVERLASTING FIRE. . . TRAVELERS HAVE SEEN THIS STRANGE LAND MANY TIMES?

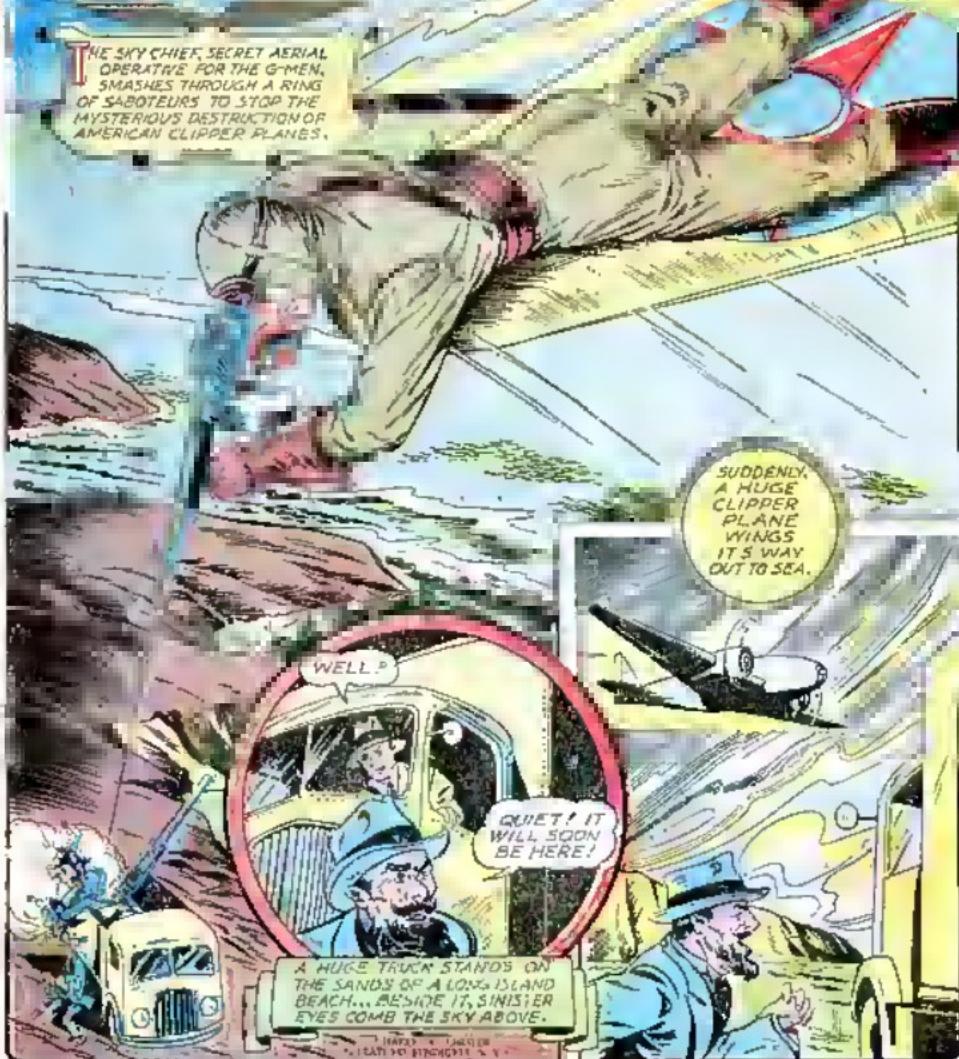


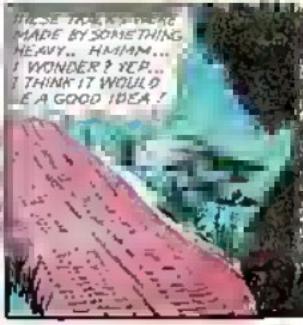
TRUE

IN NORTHERN IRAQ OIL FIELDS. THE Oozing PARTICLES OF OIL HAVE BEEN BURNING FOR TIME IMMEMORIAL.

The SKY CHIEF

THE SKY CHIEF, SECRET AERIAL OPERATIVE FOR THE G-MEN, SMASHES THROUGH A RING OF SABOTEURS TO STOP THE MYSTERIOUS DESTRUCTION OF AMERICAN CLIPPER PLANES.





THE FOLLOWING DAY, AT THE OFFICE OF THE TRANS-OCEANA CLIPPER CORPORATION.







YES...AND I
INTEND TO
REMAIN. YOUR
MEDDLING
WILL NOT
STOP ME!





MILES OFF SHORE, A TANKER RIDES THE WAVES OUTWARD BOUND...



WHILE ON DECK, THE SINISTER VON GORTH RECOGNIZES THE APPROACHING PLANE.



SO, VONGORTH IS ON THAT FREIGHTER



THE DEAD MAN PLAYS

"The judge let you off because of insufficient evidence," Patrolman Dick Stevens addressed the sneering racketeer, Pete Beers. "I'm positive you murdered him—and someday I'll find the evidence that'll get you to trip to the hot seat."

"Pipe down, flattop," Pete grinned as he spoke. "Your pal Morris disappeared and you're trying to pin a murder on me. But it won't work!"

Dick stepped forward and touched the shoulder of the departing racketeer as he whispered, "Beers, remember this. Morris said he'd keep playing his violin even after he was dead. Yep, all I'll have to do is follow the strain of the music and I'll find the murderer."

"See you," Pete barked as he walked away from the patrolman. "But dead men ain't pliy."

Dick clenched his fist at the thought of the thousands of dollars Pete had extracted from small stores—keeping him unneeded and unneeded protection. He also thought of his pull's investigation and sudden disappearance. More than ever he was on to get the haggard Pete Beers.

It was dark and moonless that night. The huge house was silent with lights on. Pete Beers took hands with the last of his departing guests. Guests who had enjoyed a lavish party celebrating his release from

prison. Pete turned to his butler and said, "I'm turning in, Mike. Wake me at noon. Most of the shop has been lying down on their protection payments since I was detained by them dumb cops. I'll have to get after them, that place ain't beinn on pennants."

Pete climbed the huge staircase to his bedroom. It was a spacious room. He grinned as he glistened at the expensive furnishings. "Some different from that cell," he muttered aloud.

Resting on the soft bed, he dozed off but not soon awakened by the sound of music. He lay poised. It was violin music, soft and sweet.

He jumped slightly at the words of Patrolman Stevens run through his mind. "All I have to do is follow the music to the mind..." Pete squirmed. He turned several times but the musical sound kept on. He could stand it no longer. Pete jumped out of bed, snatched on the light and snatched his gun out of the holster.

"I'll settle this once and for all," he yelled aloud. "I'll hire no dead man pliyin in my house."

Pete slipped down the stairs that led into the cellar. "Alright! Bah, n' hit could save Pete Beers," he muttered aloud.

The violin plied on and on. The music echoed throughout the long

cellar. Pete's flesh was covered with goose pimples. His grip tightened and made his way to a corner of the stone wall.

Carefully, he left the wall. "You can't pliy, you're dead, DEAD!" he screamed. "I put you there and you can't pliy."

The musical strains grew louder and louder. The notes imbedded themselves in Pete's tortured brain. "Dead men can't pliy," he screamed out loud.

Suddenly, the music stopped. A dark form stepped from behind the pillars to Pete's side and whispered, "Drop that gun or I'll..."

"No, no—Morris, don't touch me, you're dead, you're dead, I know it, I killed you," Pete screamed hysterically at the gun held from his partially-frozen fingers.

Swiftly, a pair of handcuffs closed on the frightened racketeer's wrists. "When that wall is pulled down," the tone of Patrolman Dick Stevens said softly, "I'll hire the evidence needed to send you to the hot seat, Pete Beers."

Dick led the astonished racketeer to the street. At the foot of the stairs, Patrolman Stevens stooped down to pick up the violin. He turned to Pete and said, "I forgot to tell you that Morris taught me how to pliy."



A QUEER TRICK OF FATE AND CAPTAIN COURAGE, BURLY SKIPPER OF TRANS-OCEANIC FREIGHTER, FINDS HIMSELF THROWN BACK CENTURIES TO RELIVE THE AGE OF THE BUCCANEERS AND THE ROVERS OF THE SPANISH MAIN.

"LONELY FREIGHTER PLOWS THRU THE CHOPPY WATERS OF THE ATLANTIC."



SUDDENLY, A HOARSE SHOUT ..

Capt'n COURAGE

ON DECK, THE HUSKY CAPTAIN COURAGE PREPARES TO CHALLENGE THE RAGING FURY.

THE ONLY CHANCE IS TO TRY AND OUT RACE HER... AND I'M GOING TO CHANCE IT!



IT'S A FREAK STORM, CAP... SHELL SNAP THE SHIP LIKE A HUNK OF DRIFTWOOD!

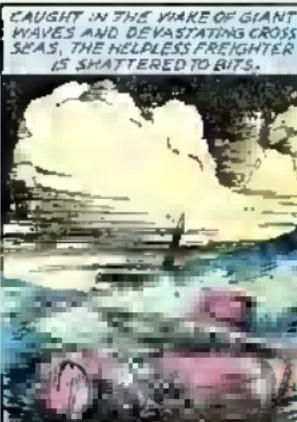
AYE, MATEY... BUT NOT UNTIL WE'VE HAD A CHANCE I'LL TAKE THE WHEEL... GET ALL HANDS BELOW.



KEEP FIRING THE BOILERS, LADS.... WE'RE RACING DEATH THIS TIME.

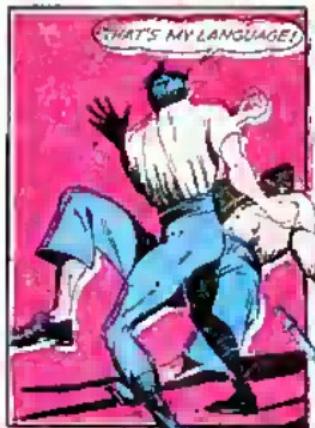


WHEN SUDDENLY...



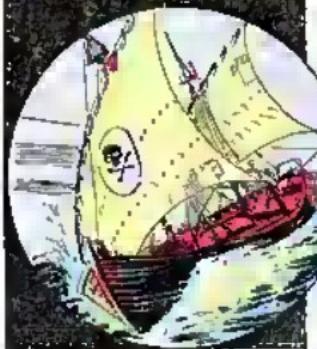
AS IF RETURNING FROM THE DEAD, THE BATTERED CAPTAIN COURAGE STRUGGLES TO SAVE HIMSELF.







ACCURATELY ADJUSTING THE SPY GLASS, THE SKIPPER SEES...



SHE'S PIRATE CRAFT BEING ANOTHER ALL RIGHT! GET THE SHIP IN ORDER... WE'RE GOING TO RID THE SEA OF A MENACE.

AWE, CAP!



ALL HANDS ON DECK... REEF SAILS FOR ACTION!



STEADILY, THE GAP BETWEEN THE TWO VESSELS IS CLOSED.



GREEDILY, THE EYES OF THE PIRATE CHIEF VIEW THE APPROACHING SHIP.

SO, IT'S A PRIZE THAT DRAWS CLOSE, ME HEARTIES! I GIVE HER AN OPENING SHOT... THEN WE'LL FINISH HER OFF!



SWIFTLY THE CREW SPRINGS INTO ACTION AS THE SHIP IS READIED FOR ANY EMERGENCY.

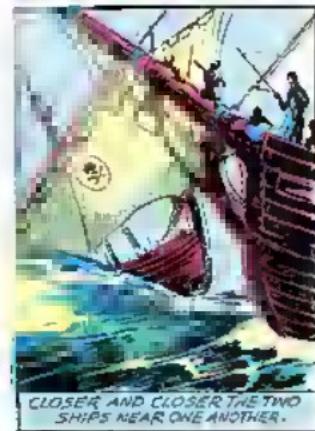


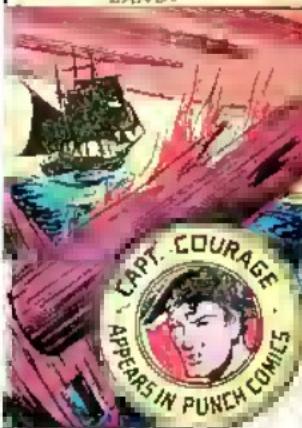
THEY'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT TO LICK US, CAP!

RIGHT... AND NOW WE'LL GIVE 'EM A TASTE OF OUR GUNS!

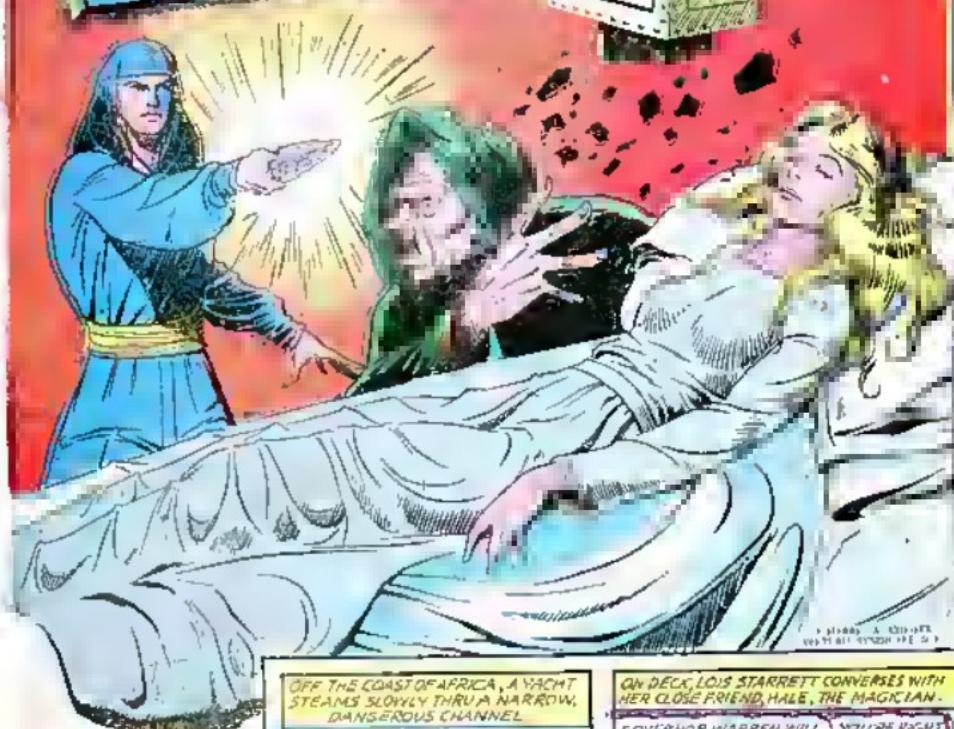


THE SHELL EXPLODES HARMLESSLY IN THE WATER.

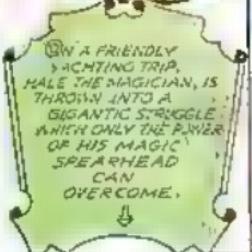




HALE! ...THE MAGICIAN



BY RICHARD STANLEY - A KODAK FILM
PRINTED IN U.S.A. BY THE STANLEY CO.



OFF THE COAST OF AFRICA, A YACHT STEAMS SLOWLY THRU A NARROW, DANGEROUS CHANNEL.



ON DECK, LOIS STARRETT CONVERSES WITH HER CLOSE FRIEND, HALE, THE MAGICIAN.

GOVERNOR WARREN WILL BE SURPRISED TO SEE US. HALE, BRRR, I'M GLAD WE DIDN'T WIRE BUT I'D RATHER HIM. IT'S MORE FUN THIS WAY! YOU'RE RIGHT, ARE UGLY LOOKING!





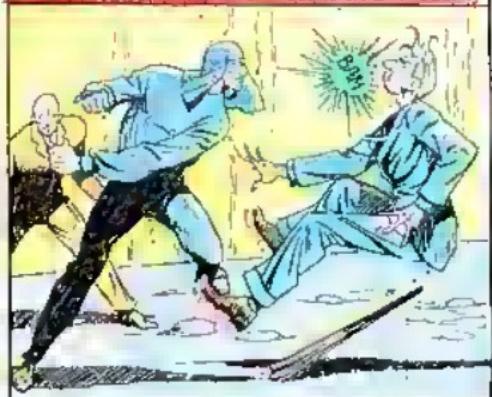








SAVAGELY, THE MAGICKIAN BATTLES TO SAVE HIMSELF...





DEATH Be Siting of

"Don't touch that," Steve Kent yelled, nor he pinched John Waters to the ground. "It's the Golden Orchid and it means terrible."

Carefully picking himself up at the end of terror, Waters adjusted his monocle and stared boldly at his guide. "Have you seen something really crazy?" he shouted at Steve. "I heard you to guides man and not advised man or to what spiceman I should take and what not?" Waters reached for the hinged orchid again. "It's worth at least five hundred pounds—and I'm . . ." That's all I am or he got. The strong grip of Steve Kent stopped him.

"As long as you're with me I may as well pick that flower," Steve barked. "It's mortal death to assume—but either it drives mad, driving mad?"

That night, Steve and Waters sat around the campfire. They listened to the strange jungle sounds. Kent identified each one for his friend. Soon, the nonverbal drifted to the men they had left behind in London. Kent studied Waters and ranred his mind had wondered—it had drifted to the Golden Orchid. Steve tensed. "I suppose you're angry because I kept you from picking that flower?" he said, smacking right into the subject.

Before Waters could answer, Kent confirmed, "I've knocked around all over the world and there are some things I can't understand and never will. That Golden Orchid is one. The natives say that he who picks one will never leave the jungle alive."

"Stupid superstition," Waters

scolded. "You're civilized, man; you can't believe such nonsense. Did you ever know of any one who picked one and died?"

"Once," Steve hesitated, then continued. "The natives warned him just as I did you. The men laughed in their faces and picked the blossom. I watched him and he handled it like a little child. I watched him hold it to his mouth and gaze into its golden petals as he roared over the sheep and then. He looked at the glory and soon the Academy would award him for bringing back such an unknown treasure."

"But what happened? I never saw it on exhibit!" John interrupted impatiently.

"I'm naming to that," Steve said slowly. "The next morning in his tent we found the body. It was a dark blue color—he had died during the night."

"Dand," Waters whirled in an excited vein.

"Yeah," Steve nodded. "The native said it the sting of the Golden Orchid."

"What about the flower?" Waters asked.

"It lay beside him on the bed where he had placed it," Kent replied. "The natives piled the tent with brush and burned the body of the man and the orchid." With that, Steve got up and started lazily. "I'm turning in for the night," he said, nor he walked off to the tent.

Kent lay on the cot. His eyes grew heavier and heavier. Suddenly, his semi-conscious mind caught the sound of cracking branches.

Instantly, he was on his feet and out of the tent. Through the slowly dying campfire he saw the figure of John Waters, in his hand the Golden Orchid.

With sparkling eyes, John held the prize as Kent could see the full beauty. "There's really something more than," he said proudly. "I've got it and I'm going to take it back to civilization with me. It's mine—thou'll kill it John Waters' Golden Orchid!"

Swiftly, Steve jumped forward, grabbed the flower and threw it into the fire.

Furiously, Waters aimed his fist at Steve's jaw. Kent dodged the blow and with a short right sent Waters sprawling to the ground. In an instant, he was outside him.

"Why did you do it, why did you do it?" John jabbed unmercifully. "I'll never have a chance to get another!"

Steve released his grip. "That orchid," he began slowly, "was known to always harbor a sort of viper within its leaves. This viper, along the same as the plant, is very seldom found—that was the thing that killed the other man! Its sting is filled with venom—and the viper strikes at night."

"But why didn't you tell me the truth about it?" Waters demanded.

"Bahaha," Steve said slowly, "you'd have decided to look for the deadly reptile, to kill it—by that time it would have injected you with its poison."

Waters gripped Steve's hand and said, "And I think, all this time I thought you made up that story to scare me away, 're you and have the orchid for yourself?"

THE UNHOLY 3

SHARON A. FISHER
MISTRESS OF THE EYE, N.Y.



AS THE UNHOLY THREE BUSY THEMSELVES ON THE INSIDE, OTHERS MAKE PLANS ON THE OUTSIDE.



THE MEAL PROGRESSES REMARKABLY WELL UNDER THE HANDS OF FLASH AND PEARL...



WERE GOING TO LET THE BARON SEE LITTLE PERCY. FIND OUT IF THE COOK NEEDS HELP!





SWIFTLY, THE MASTER MAKE UP ARTISTS DON THEIR DISGUISES...

YOU'RE LIABLE TO CRAB OUR ACT, LITTLE ONE... SO, JUST STAY HERE AND AMUSE YOURSELF!

WE LOOK MORE LIKE THE HUDSONS THAN THEY DO THEMSELVES... CMON, FLASH... LET'S GIVE THE BARON A SURPRISE.

...AND JOIN THE BARON AS MR. AND MRS. HUDSON.

YOU HAVE PUT THE CHILD TO BED?

YES, BARON... AND NOW YOU!

DON'T MIND HIM... HE'S ALWAYS JOKING!

READY, MEN... SEIZE THESE FOOLS! IT'S BEGINNING.

SUDDENLY, THE CRAFTY FOREIGNER BARKS AN ORDER...

BULL'S EYE!

SEEETOWN

TAG!

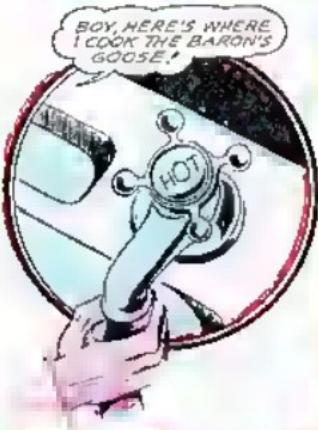
SLEEP TIGHT, BARON!

THE POOR BARON... HE WAS SUCH A LOVELY CHAP!

IT'S A CINCH!

WE GOT HER!

OOFFF!





THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

FEATURING

E 9
MR. "E"
THE DUO
LARRITAL
BAT OUTLET
KING BOBBY
YANKEE BOY
MASTER KIT
BOLKETMAN
LUCKY COYNE
DYNAMIC BOY
LITTLE MEMO
KITTY KELLY
BAR DACTHREE
MADAM SATAN
BBC TRIUMPH
GREAT SCOTT
JOHNNY REBEL
FREY GRANDPA
CAPTAIK ELDERT
ZEEFEE DODDLE
JONES & DADOT
MAJOR TILTROT
SLURKEY SENTRY
"DRAPPY" IARDIG
MOTHER HENRAK
YOUNG AMERICANS



8

MAMMOTH
RINGS

*
EACH
ONE

FEATURING

15

COMPLETE
ATTRACTIOMS

IT'S YOURS FOR
THE PRICE OF
A SINGLE
ADMITTANCE

10¢

HURRY, HURRY
H-U-R-R-Y!
TO YOUR NEAREST
NEWSDEALER

YANKEE
COMICS

DYNAMIC
COMICS

SCOOP
COMICS

MAJOR
COMICS

BULLS-EYE
COMICS

PUNCH
COMICS

KAYO
COMICS

WORLD'S
GIGANTIC
COMICS

A B C
COMICS